



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XII—NO. 52.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1800.

WHOLE NO. 624.

THE PATISSIER :

OR, FORTITUDE REWARDED.

A TALE.

A LOVELY young girl was one evening returning home, heavily laden with a basket of linen through the Fauxburgs De St. Antoine; fatigued and breathless, with the weight of a burthen her delicate frame was so ill adapted to, she placed it on the ground, and reclined exhausted, against a pillar that supported a spacious piazza. At a few paces distant sat a Patisier, vending cakes, who eyed her with looks of concern, and admiration: he quitted his stall, and begged to assist her home with her load; she thanked him in the gentlest accents, but declined the favor, saying, "Indeed I cannot trouble you, for my abilities are insufficient to make you any reward." The eye of the Patisier glistened, and without making any reply, he lifted the basket on his head, and beckoning to a man he desired to take care of his stall, requested she would conduct him to the place of her destination. Marian, thankful for his kind assistance, led the way to an obscure part of the town, and stopped at a mean-looking house, the door of which, for the convenience of its numerous inhabitants, stood open. After proceeding up five pair of narrow dark stairs, they entered an apartment, in which every object served to shew the poverty of the owner: on a tattered and almost coverless bed, lay a woman, whose languid eye, and emaciated frame, gave evident token of approaching dissolution; a washing-tub stood in one corner of the room, at which the girl had been laboring; and in every part, though clean and decent, he beheld signs of want. "You are very poor, my dear girl," said the Patisier, with a sigh. "I told you so," replied Marian, dejectedly: "my mother is, I fear, dying, and we have scarce bread to eat." The young man, unspeakably affected, hastily put his hand in his pocket, and pulling from thence some silver, threw it, without counting, upon the table. "There," cried he, "is what I have earned to-day. I am strong and healthy, and, please God, shall soon earn more: it will do you good mean-while;" then rushed out of the room. Marian flew after him to express her gratitude, but he was already out of sight; she returned to her mother, hoping to gladden her heart with an account of her luck, and displayed, exultingly, her newly acquired riches. Madame Frenelet cast a faint glance over the money, and with an exertion of strength raised herself up in the bed—"Run, Marian, run," she exclaimed; "fetch that man back," snatching, at the same time, a garnet ring from among the pieces; "on him our future fate depends." Marian instantly obeyed, but returned unsuccessful. "Marian," said her mother, "attend to me, and I will relate, while I am yet capable, particulars to you, hitherto unknown.—Your father, Edmund de Frenelet, was the son and heir of a nobleman of great possessions: my birth was comparatively obscure; and my situation lowly; yet I had, in his eyes, such attractions, as induced him to solicit my hand. Unthinking of the probable circumstances, I consented, and we were married: his family soon

disowned it; and, incensed at his abasement, as they termed it, wholly disclaimed him. The trifling pittance we possessed was insufficient to support us genteelly; but I could have borne indigence with tranquility, had my husband's affection remained unchanged. Alas! he was naturally of a gay turn, and being abridged of his accustomed luxuries on my account, it soon soured his temper, and made him treat me with a kind of neglect, that grieved me to the soul; in short, my dearest girl, not to dwell upon a subject that must give pain to your tender susceptible mind—he abandoned me to the utmost wretchedness, while you were but an infant: with difficulty I procured for you the necessities of life. At length, hearing that my Edmund had, with a faithful servant who had been brought up in his family, fled to Fauxburgs de St. Antoine, hither I followed him; but have hitherto been unable to trace the place of his residence. This ring I well remember to have been always worn by Ambrose, the youth who attended him; and whose story I will, at some future period, relate: should this be him, I may yet discover my husband. You know, my child, how hardly I have earned our daily morsel; and you, my poor Marian, are, I fear, still fated to endure all the hardships incident to our destitute situation: but, I know, I shall not have long to suffer; and I trust to heaven, for its care of my virtuous child. Could I once more behold my Frenelet, I should die resigned; once more express to him the love and duty I have ever borne him, and which no circumstances could, or can ever alter."

Madame Frenelet ceased, and Marian, flinging herself on her neck, sobbed out her grief and affection:—"Fear not, my best mother," she cried, "my industry shall yet enable us to do well; cheer up; who knows, we may see many, many happy days." Madame shook her head, but was prevented from replying, by the sound of approaching footsteps: and again the friendly Patisier entered the apartment; he came to beg the restitution of his ring. Madame called him to her bedside, and, putting back the curtain, uttered an exclamation of surprise—"My good Ambrose!"—"My dear Lady!" was reiterated on each side. Ambrose cast a mournful glance round the room, and his eyes rested with surprise and compassion upon Marian.—"Ah! Madame," he ejaculated, as soon as his emotion would permit him to speak, "we have all been unfortunate since we separated." Madame sighed heavily. "But, tell me, Ambrose, where is your master?" He shook his head with an air of commiseration: "Indeed, Madame, I am ignorant. I came with him to this place, but the embarrassment of his circumstances made him ill able to support me; and none of his family would countenance him. Unwilling to be a burthen to one, who had so generously been my benefactor, I quitted him. Not being able to procure any other service in a strange country, I engaged in the employment you first, Ma'moiselle, saw me in, and was doing pretty well; but it gave me much sorrow, to hear that my master, through idleness, and want of proper counsel, had fallen into bad company, and taken to improper habits. I have not seen him lately, but

believe he is still here. This ring, the only memorial I have of my birth, I was under the necessity of concealing, lest its being seen on my finger should excite curiosity, and have constantly carried it in my pocket, till, in the agitation of my mind, I accidentally left it here to-day; which has fortunately occasioned this happy discovery."

The heart of Ambrose was too full for utterance, when he learned that his revered lady and child were reduced to take in washing and needlework for a subsistence; and he begged, with earnestness, that he might be permitted to join his mite with their's, and work for them. Overcome by his grateful and ardent entreaties, Madame at length consented; and he accordingly took a lodging in the same house, and became one of the family, assisting Marian in every laborious employment, and constantly dedicating to their use the profits of his own merchandize.

One evening, returning from his stand, he beheld a gentleman fighting with desperation against two masked ruffians: filled with indignation at the inequality of the combat, he flew upon one of the desperadoes, and wrested his sword from him; with which he manfully defended the almost overcome stranger: they were at length successful, the rebels fled, and the gentleman, turning to thank his deliverer, was instantly recognized by Ambrose to be his master's father, the Count Montaldo. "Brave fellow!" cried the Count, "you have been my preserver; say, is it in my power to serve you?—Command me to the extent of my abilities." The consciousness of rectitude inspired Ambrose with resolution to make an hazardous attempt; and, taking advantage of the warmth which gratitude had momentarily kindled in the bosom of the Count, he replied, "My Lord, if I have been the happy means of rendering you any service, it is but a part of the vast debt I owe to you, who took me, a friendless deserted orphan, under your generous protection; yet, my Lord, if you are still desirous to make me your debtor, you can, indeed, do me a signal piece of service. I have a wife and daughter, pining in want: view but their necessitous condition, and I am sure it will not go unrelieved." The Count immediately consented to accompany him home, and they repaired to the humble residence of Madame Frenelet. Her health was somewhat amended; she had risen from her bed, and, with all the strength her weak limbs would permit, was folding the linen Marian had just ironed, and was about to take it home, when they entered. The beauty of the girl instantly struck the Count with unconcealed admiration: a large black bonnet shaded her delicately fair countenance; and her mild blue eyes were cast with humility to the ground, while a blush of momentary shame suffused her cheek, as the penetrating eye of the Count pursued her to the end of the room, whither in fear, she retired. When Ambrose pronounced the name of their visitor, Madame, with less command of her feelings, fainted away.—"Oh! my Lord," cried Ambrose, as he flew across the room to support her, "preserve the wife, the child of your son!" The Count needed no more; he raised her in his arms, wept over her, and pronounced that forgiveness he could no

longer withhold from such exemplary merit. When Madame recovered, Montaldo begged he might send Marian on some business, which request was readily complied with; he tenderly embraced her, and giving her a paper, said, "There, child, fly with that to the prison in the Rue St. Jerome, and ask for M. Frenet; then kneel to your father, and tell him to accept unconditional liberty from your hands: nature must do the rest."

Marian obeyed with alacrity, nor returned till she brought with her the now delighted Frenet. He flew, repentant, into the arms of his wife, and there abjured his errors: adversity had taught him prudence, and the virtue of the surrounding objects inspired him with an abhorrence of vice. The Count now turned to Marian,—"My dear girl," said he, with a smile of restrained significance, "I hope, amidst all this happiness, you do not forget the noble author of it; he must not go unrewarded; how much would you contribute towards promoting his future felicity?" Marian blushed; "My Lord, I would do all in my power, but I trust you have more ability than I have." "That I doubt," replied the Count; "however, Marian, no longer to disguise my meaning, I think I can read in his eyes, that you are the only reward he will be satisfied with: now, if you have not a very great stock of ambition and will accept Ambrose for a husband, it shall be my care to render your future state comfortable." Marian fell at his feet;—"My Lord, direct me as you please; Ambrose has been the saviour of my family, and gratitude dictates what I ought to do; my heart is the voluntary acknowledgment of his merits, and if my hand can give him pleasure, it is his." The Count tenderly raised her, and gave her with rapture to the delighted Ambrose, who wanted words to express his feelings.

"Marian," said the Count, "I approve of your conduct; and to shew you the good effects of generosity, I will relate a surprising secret, with which I have but just become acquainted: know, then, that Ambrose is my nephew." The eyes of all present expressed their astonishment; to dispel which, the Count began an account of the seeming mystery. "You must know," said the Count, "I had once a sister, amiable and accomplished; a young English nobleman, on his travels, while visiting at our Chateau, became enamored with her, and Julia returned his passion with equal ardor: well knowing the opposition her family would make to her union with an heretic, she eloped with him, and it was supposed they fled to England; all search had been given over, and in less than a twelvemonth after, I succeeded, by the death of my father, to the title and estates. One day, the Father of a neighboring monastery, with whom I was acquainted, came to me, and informed me that a child had been left within their gates; no one knew by whom; and, as it was against the rules of their order to admit any one under twelve years of age, besought my advice how to act. I went to see the child, and, pleased with its infantile appearance, determined to take the charge of it, little imagining it was the infant of a sister, once so tenderly beloved: you, Ambrose, are that child. Suffice it, I have just received an account from Father Anthony; and, after eighteen years' estrangement from this child, its father, being now master of his own actions, has written to the convent, to enquire the fate of it. It seems, that, instead of quitting France, they remained secreted here till the birth of Ambrose, and then, waiting only to be ascertained of its safety, repaired to England. My sister, with her husband, Lord Fitzraymond, were hourly expected to claim him." The joy of the whole party upon this discovery may be easily imagined; and the marriage of Ambrose with Marian, was only delayed till the arrival of his parents; and, in a short time, the family were all happily re-united, to their mutual satisfaction. Monsieur and Madame Frenet once more tasted the delights of affluence and conjugal love; and at the death of the old Count, had the pleasing prospect before them of grand-children, educating in habits of virtue; and saw them daily receiving from their excellent parents, the lessons experience had taught them;—"that Providence never deserts those who honestly and industriously endeavor to maintain themselves by their own virtuous exertions; and proving by their own constant practice, the delightful reward of filial piety, contrasted by the punishment ever attendant upon disobedience."

ANECDOTE.

A certain Captain, remarkable for his uncommon height, being one day at the rooms at Bath, a lady noticing him, enquired who he was; when she was informed of his family and connections, and that he was originally intended for the church; to which she replied, He was better suited for the steeple.

THE MANIAC.

AS I stray'd o'er a common on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose array'd
I saw a poor female whole mental disorder,
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd;
On the ward the reclined by the green fern surrounded;
At her side speckled daisies and crow flowers abounded;
To its inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing, 'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded:
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek;
Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck;
While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaim'd "Oh! my mother!
See the blood of that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother;
They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another;
'Tis Connor the friend of poor Mary le More!"

Though his locks are as white as the foam on the ocean,
Those soldiers shall find that my master is brave;
My father she cry'd with the wildest emotion,
"An! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave!
They have toll'd his death bell, they have laid the turf
O'er him;

His white locks were bloody, no aid can restore him;
He is gone! he is gone! and the good will deplore him,
When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More."

A lark, from the gold blossom'd furze that grew near her,
Now rose, and with energy carol'd his lay;
"Hush! hush!" she continued, "the trumpet sounds
Clearer;

The horsemen approach! Erin's daughter, away!"
Ah! Britons, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And o'er her pale father a wretch had been mourning!
Go hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

"Away, bring the ointment! Oh! God! see those gashes!
Alas! my poor brother, come dry the big tear;
Anon we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes,
Already the screech-owls and ravens appear;
By day the green grave that lies under the willow,
With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curl'd billow,
Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More."

Thus rav'd the poor Maniac in tones more heart-rending
Than 'Sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
When, lo! on the waste, and their march to'ards her bend-
ing,

A troop of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear,
"Oh! the fiends!" she exclaim'd, and with wild horror
flarted,
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted;
With an overcharg'd bosom I slowly departed,
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

THOU death of thought, O sorrow soothing sleep!
How often must I call on thee in vain?
For thy return my watch I wishful keep,
And wait impatiently for thee again.

Come, Morpheus, with oblivious power,
And lay me down to tranquil, soft repose:
Oh! chase away the troubles I endure,
And steal me from the knowledge of my woes.

Once, in my infant years, I peace enjoy'd,
Nor sought thy aid to lull my cares to rest;
Since, dire misfortunes has my hope destroy'd,
And left the fiend, despair, to rankle in my breast.

The time will soon arrive, the hour will come,
When I shall calmly sleep within the tomb.

NIGHT.

HOW fallen frowns yon battled castle's brow
To the hoarse tempest's rage, pale Night expands
Her sable veil, and melancholy stands,
While ever and anon the night owl now
Shrieks from the ruin'd battlement, the bleak blast
Howls to her hurrying scream a response fast.

O could I quit the world, and linger here!
While contemplation from the ruin'd tower
Counts the lone bell; as quick the varying hour
Draws from life's lingering woes the gushing tear,
With ease the gay world's revels I'd resign;
But let me, O my God! by ever thine:

ARABIAN HOSPITALITY.

IRRESOLUTION suits not the disposition of an Arab.
He never hesitates long whether he shall perform a kind office to a friend, or shed the blood of an enemy. If an opportunity offers of doing both; it renders him completely satisfied; but, if the gratification of his revenge happens to come into competition with an act of generosity, he will instantly give the preference to the latter, and derive a pride from the consciousness of having done his duty.

Hassan, the Scenite, hospitably received into his tent, Ibrahim, a Chief of a neighboring district, who, driven from his country, was obliged to seek shelter in the desert. After some days spent in cheerful festivity, the stranger wished to depart, requested his host to accompany him a part of his way. The latter consented; but, while preparations were made for the journey, he examined his lance with peculiar attention, and his eyes glowed with anger and revenge, as he eagerly sharpened his sword. "Thou seemest," said Ibrahim, "to thirst for blood. Who is thine enemy? he shall be mine."—"That tyrant Ibrahim," answered Hassan, "who shed my father's blood. His power has long screened him from my revenge; but now he is a wandering exile, I will not rest till I have found him."—"Thou hast found him!" was the reply; "I am the wretch who killed your father: Behold in me the object of thy vengeance!"—"Thou Ibrahim? By Alla and his prophet!—But thou art my guest!—I had set apart this money to provide for thy journey. Take it while thou mayest, and go thy way."

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

MANY a wife head, and many a worthy heart, are doomed to ache with the pressure of human sufferings, living in misery, and dying in obscurity and want, while the duller worms of mortality fatten on the marrow of prosperity, living to themselves alone, with minds incapable of expanding, and forbidden by sordid principles to do good and benefit mankind.—The following short, but melancholy list proves the justice of a remark which wounds sensibility:

Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in a jail; Paolo Borghese had 24 different trades, yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Bentivoglio was refused admission into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; Camoens ended his days in an almshouse; and Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons, to pay his debts, as far as it would go!

HUMANITY WORTHY OF A PRINCE.

WHEN Edward, the Confessor, arrived in England with a powerful army from Normandy, in order to recover the kingdom for his father Ethelred, who had been driven out of it by the Danes; as he lay encamped near their forces, those who commanded under him made light of the enemy. In the height of their confidence they assured Edward, who was at this time a young man, that they would not only obtain an easy conquest for him, but would take care that not one Dane should be left alive.

The young Prince no sooner heard this declaration, than he thus exclaimed, "God forbid! that the throne from which my father was driven, should be recovered for me who am but one man, by the death of so many thousands. It is better that I lead a life, private and unstained with blood, than purchase sovereignty at such a price." He accordingly gave orders for breaking up his camp; and returning to Normandy, remained there till a train of events seated him, without bloodshed, on the throne of his father.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE REAR RANK.

SAID a man in the front to a man in the rear,
"Hold your peace, with your insolent chat—
You poor Sneak-behind, what's the use of you here?
—Might as well give a gun to a Rat!"
"You pretend not to know what's the use of us here!
They know it who give us our pay;
Such Heroes as we, Sir, are clapt in the rear,
To prevent you from running away!"

ANECDOTE.

It is recorded of Sir Isaac Newton, that having occasion once, from the negligence of his servant, to be in a rage he ran up stairs to his library, to find a Treatise on Anger that he might know how to conduct himself in a passion!

AN unfortunate stockholder lately died at Paris, whose will has afforded much amusement. It consists of but one line—"I have nothing. I am in debt every where, and the rest I give to the poor!"

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1800.

A letter received in town on Saturday via Boston, by Captain Paddock, dated, Mogadore, 5th July, states the following particulars---

Ship Oswego, Capt. Paddock, of Hudson, from Ireland for this place, via Cape de Verdes, was lost on the coast of Barbary, the 3d of April last--the Captain and all the crew, save four (who were kept by the ship) were taken to the interior part of the country and sold as Slaves; from thence they were marched to Mogadore, and there were redeemed by the house of Wm. Court & Co of that place.

SHIPWRECK.

Captain Atkins, of the brig John, failed from Lisbon the 10th August, bound for Philadelphia. On the 13th August fell in with the ship Orion, Bunker, of and for New-York, from St. Ubes, having on board Mr Gimfon, wife and two children as passengers, and the vessel laden with fish--Captain Bunker informed Captain Atkins that his vessel had flatted a butt and the leak increased very fast; shortly after Captain Bunker and all hands left the Orion and went part on board Captain Atkins' vessel and part on board of a brig bound for Newburyport.

Nothing material occurred till the 15th September, when, laying to under a double-reefed main-sail, and single-reefed main-stay-sail, the wind blowing very hard from S. S. W. with a heavy sea running, a most tremendous sea struck the John, and immediately separated her; after recovering himself, Captain Atkins found he was on part of the main-deck, having about 20 fathoms of rope fastened thereto; the greater part of the crew were seen on various parts of the wreck floating about at the mercy of the wind and waves--Captain Bunker and one boy, and two boys belonging to Captain Atkins lashed themselves to the deck, and the next morning could discover none of the crew.

The next day fell in with the passenger Mr. Gibson, who was floating on a part of the wreck, and who joined them immediately. Seven days and seven nights, did these unfortunate people continue in this dreadful situation, a prey to starvation and misery, to the chances of the ocean, and subsisting on nothing, save their own urine! Hope now cheered them, and almost exhausted, they were taken up by a schooner from Portland to Barbice, and two days subsequent, fell in with the ship George, Captain Rice, of and for Philadelphia from Hull, who kindly took them on board, all except one boy, who went to Barbice in the schooner. Four days before Captain Rice made the Capes, Captain Bunker and Mr Gibson passengers went on board the ship America, bound for New-York from Liverpool--among the unhappy sufferers, most fear is entertained for the safety of Mrs. Gibson, and two children, and the mate of the brig. Out of 18 souls on board, only the above 6 have yet been heard of.

Extract of a letter from Captain Hart, of the Paragon, to his owners, dated St. Sebastians, August 19.

Our ministers are still going on with the negotiation at Paris, and from letters I have received from Bordeaux as late as the 14th inst. inform that they have every reason to expect a commercial intercourse will be opened with the two countries, if not a treaty concluded, and all the owners of the French privateers have also received a strict order from the Minister of Marine, not to meddle with the American vessels.

If the Americans fire on the French, in that case the French take them in for trial. The English cruisers on this coast, do not meddle with American vessels if their papers are clear, a proof of which is, that every American vessel now in port, the Paragon excepted, have been boarded on their passage here by frigates and Guernsey luggers, and suffered to pass.

By the schooner Sally-Ann, arrived at Alexandria, from Bermuda.

BERMUDA, August 23.

By a Gentleman from the West-Indies, we learn that about 20 days ago an expedition sailed from Guadaloupe, avowedly for the purpose of chastising the Governor of Curacao, for refusing to accept the French Captain's bills of the frigate Vengeance, on the Directory of France, for the repairs at that Island--the Governor observing that she was laden with coffee, &c. they ought to sell a part for that purpose. The troops consisted (it is said) of 1400 men, all of whom went off in privateers and American prizes;

one with troops was taken by an English frigate, and a force from Martinique was sent, to endeavor to intercept the rest.

NORFOLK, October 2.

The guard which carried Gabriel to Richmond, returned yesterday, he was committed to the Penitentiary house, and, we understand is to take his trial to-morrow, on which day ten of his accomplices were to be executed.

An American frigate of 36 guns has been seen off the Capes of Delaware, dismasted.

GLASGOW, August 26.

Extract of a letter from Grangemouth dated Aug 24.

"This day arrived here, Capt. Hardy, from Peterburgh. He left the sound by advice of the Consul on the 15th inst; at which time the Danes were fitting out their navy with all possible dispatch, and pressing men for the service.

VIENNA, July 19.

An express is just arrived at the Aulic Chancellery from Pilsburg, with intelligence that that capital of the kingdom of Hungary has been in flames since yesterday. Last night the conflagration was seen from the tower of the great church of St. Stephen, in this place. It began in the house of an artisan, and extended itself with such fury, that a great part of the city was reduced to ashes at the departure of the courier. Several churches, a convent, the barracks, several other edifices, palaces or hotels of the great, and more than an hundred other houses, are comprehended in the destruction; also the great square, which borders upon the Danube, and was ornamented with the most magnificent edifices; some of these were covered with sheet copper, which melting, prevented the necessary assistance of the firemen. The loss will prove incalculable.

The Philadelphia Daily Advertiser (late Claypoole's) has just become by purchase the property of Mr. Zachariah Poulson, jun. who is said to be eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. On his accession to the office of Public Printer, a humorous correspondent sent him the following whimsical proposal:

MR. POULSON,

You have become editor of a newspaper--do you know what you are about? Are you qualified for the task? Can you lie, swear, trim and cringe, and still be an upright downright honest fellow? I believe you can't, and therefore have some doubts of you. Why, Sir, an editor of a newspaper ought to be a lion, a tiger, a calf, a sheep, a jack-ass, a wife man, a fool, a screech-owl, a parrot, and a Camaleon--Can you be all these? Can you hang a King and shoot a Jacobin, upon occasion? Can you make news of all sorts to suit your various classes of readers? Can you, when a dearth of news happens, wait a ship across the ocean just in the nick of time to save your carcass from a drubbing for not feeding your starving flock? Indeed, Mr. Poulson, your knees may well tremble, your teeth chatter, and your back ache, with fear--I am really concerned for you; and old as I am, willing to lend a hand to help you along. Well then, what think you, I have a mind to invent a machine for you, that shall lie, and swear, and trim, &c.--aye, and manufacture all sorts of news too; it shall clip a word, roll a sentence, or spin a paragraph, whenever you have a mind. I have not yet determined whether to make it to go by wind or water: that which I have already contrived for weaving ready-made breeches that fit like your skin, goes by water; but I think wind would suit you best. But stop, Mr. Poulson, am I not going too fast? Ought I not to have applied for a patent before I told you all this? Think of it, Sir, and let me know, for I should not like to be too late in my application. Well, but don't you think such an useful machine as this would save your brains some straining, and your conscience some twinges? Its workings and doings would be all its own, and if it would lie why how could you help it? Besides it would be very handy. If you have any notion to profit by the offer, let me hear from you, and I will immediately begin to try to invent the machine.

Stamped Paper.

BONDS, NOTES, BILLS of LADING, &c. for Sale by J. Harrison, no 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT of HYMEN.

WHEN first from earth, in spotless virtue dress,
Creation's Lord his spirit breath'd in man,
With focal love his bosom he imprest--
The first the noblest purpose in his plan.

MARRIED

On Monday evening, the 2nd ult. at Poughkeepsie, by the Rev Mr Chafe, Mr JOHN SUYBAM, merchant, of this city, to Miss JANE MESSIER, of that place.

On Wednesday evening the 1st inst. at Stamford, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, PETER W. RADCLIFFE, Esq. of Poughkeepsie, to Miss ELIZA H. DAVENPORT, daughter of the Hon. John Davenport, of Stamford.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev Mr Milledoler, Mr VALENTINE LUFF, to Miss CHARLOTTE ANDERSON, both of this city.

Same evening, SAMUEL MILES HOPKINS, Esq. to Miss SARAH ELIZABETH ROGERS, daughter of Moses Rogers, Esq. of this city.

ANSWER TO THE REBUS.

NO art cosmetic can the charm diffuse
With which a SMILE o'er spreads the plainest face;
And when to Beauty homage we refuse,
We yield the winning smiles and modest grace.

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Offers the Ladies, Gentlemen and Public at large, the following articles for sale very low for cash:

HAIR POWDER.

Best scented Marechalle, do. Violet, do. Bergamot, do. Phin.

BROWN POWDER.

Marechalle, Dutchess, Bergamot, Orris do. Violet do. POMATUMS.

Marechalle, Dutchess, Vanille, Elliotthope, Millefleurs, Bergamot, Citron, Lavender, Bear's Grease.

SCENTS.

Musk, Bergamot, Citron, Lavender, Thyme, Rosemary. SCENTED WATERS.

Cologne, Hungary, Lavender, Honey-water, Millefleurs, Carmy, Bergamot, Arquebuse, for swellings, bruises, contusions, cuts, scars, &c. Orange flower, Rose, Nougau, Red Lavender.

Spirits of Cochlearie, Elix. Antiscorbutic, for the gums, Syrup Pectoral, for cold, cough and consumption, The genuine Ballam of Life, which will expel all pains of the head and stomach, Pectoral Lozenges, Peppermint do.

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Best Naples, Shaving Powder, Eff. of Soap, Windfor, Italian Squares.

Superfine Pearl Powder, Superfine Rouge, Lip Salve, Silk puffs, Swandown puffs, Combs of all kinds, Comb brushes, Tooth brushes, Tooth powder, Opium do. Writing paper, wax, wafers, ink-powder, quills, Blacking balls, Toupee iron, Shaving boxes and brushes. A variety of other articles.

Also HAIR POWDER by the barrel, box, or doz. very low for cash. 24 15

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TRAVELS

In the interior Districts of AFRICA, performed under the direction and patronage of the African Association, in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797---

By MUNGO PARK, Surgeon;

With an Appendix, containing Geographical Illustrations of Africa, by Major Reunell.



COURT of APOLLO.

THE COT ON THE PLAIN.

IN youth, a lovely dawn, when each season was bright,
When health in warm currents flow'd swift thro' each
vein,
From morning till evening I pass'd with delight
On the green that furrounded the cot on the plain.
How pure and how cheap are the joys of our youth!
The years that succeed, how afflicted and vain!
O the days of felicity, nature and truth;
Oh! why was I forced from the cot on the plain!
What time the pale primrose just peeped from its bed,
My father one morning--Ah! morning of pain!
Said, "William! remember to toil we were bred;
Your sports are no more round the cot on the plain.
In youth we should guard 'gainst the wants of old age,
'Tis time you some trade or profession obtain--
Go forth--all are doom'd in life's cares to engage;
Go forth--but remember the cot on the plain!
My sisters they wept, and my mother she sigh'd,
And I kiss'd them at parting again and again;
Then farewell to all that's endearing, I cry'd,
And oft I look'd back on the cot on the plain,
Strange faces, strange manners, and wonderful sights
Distracted my mind, and oppress'd me with pain;
To me this strange world was no world of delights,
And I long'd to return to the cot on the plain.
I toil'd all the day, and my freedom was gone!
My cheek became pale, and my heart would complain:
No comfort I knew, but when sitting alone,
I dwelt on my joys in the cot on the plain.
At length on the world's open stage I was cast,
A poor and precarious subsistence to gain;
And ne'er ceased regretting the days that were pass'd,
When I liv'd with such ease in the cot on the plain.
At length that soft pow'r from which no breast is free,
Around my weak heart cast his adamant chain;
Save Lucy, no object I wish for or see,
And never once tho't of the cot on the plain.
At length she was mine, and I tho't myself blest!
Her pleasures my joy and her sorrows my pain!
This cup of prosperity poison'd my breast,
For I look'd with contempt on the cot on the plain.
My table I spread, and I liv'd in such stile,
That wealth, pomp, and luxury soon turn'd my brain,
I deem'd all my former companions too vile,
And blush'd e'en to think of the cot on the plain.
Presumptuous, I dar'd e'en Misfortune's defy!
But who can avert what the fates may ordain?
My Lucy she droop'd, and I saw her soon die!
And could I then think of the cot on the plain?
With her pass'd away all the means of delight,
The lands which she bro't were demanded again!
The prospect before me was gloomy as night,
Except a faint ray from the cot on the plain.
My dream of felicity now was no more!
'Twas now like beginning my fortune again:
Like launching an old batter'd barque from the shore,
To brave all the storms and the rocks on the main.
'Twas now that, reflecting on all that had pass'd,
I compar'd each short bliss with each lingering pain;
Resolv'd to return to contentment at last,
And dwell with sweet peace in the cot on the plain.

ANECDOTE.

A Portuguese sculptor, who was suspected of free-thinking, was at the point of death. A Jesuit, who came to confess him, holding a crucifix before his eyes, said, "Behold that God whom you have offended; do you recollect him now?" "Alas! yes, Father," replied the dying man; "it was I who made him."

MORALIST.

GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE is the growth of a worthy and fitly tempered mind, and always takes root in a well disposed heart. One who is inspired with religious gratitude is indeed satisfied with all the dispensations of heaven; but receives with peculiar sensibility, every favor, and looks upon him for some suitable return. The regularity, the pleasure, the cheerfulness, the grateful emotions and affections of a rectified heart, are a counterpart to the beauties of creation, and of the wife and beneficent administrations of the universal Governor. To be excited to thankfulness and obedience by the property, beauty and beneficence of God's work, is the characteristic of a truly great and pious mind, and as highly embellishes the man, as blossoms, fruits and verdure beautify the seasons.

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THE Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends--the present Subscribers to Mr. Somerville's Circulating Library, and the public in general, that, in consequence of Mr. Somerville's resolution of retiring from his present line of business, he has purchased said Library--that it will be continued in the same store, where the present Subscribers and others will be regularly supplied with Books, on the same terms and conditions as those established by Mr. Somerville. To render this institution as extensively useful as possible, the Proprietor means to avail himself of every possible opportunity to procure the most recent publications of merit which issue either from British or American presses, including Periodical works of every description, Religious, Moral, Political, Scientific and entertaining.

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The Subscriber also begs leave to inform the public, that as Mr. Somerville declines the Book-Selling line against November 1st, he has made arrangements for laying in by that time a good assortment of books, especially classics, and stationary articles.

W. BARLAS.

N. B. A new CATALOGUE is in the press, and will soon be ready. By it Subscribers and others will see that a considerable addition of New Books has been made to the Library, among which are the following:

Monthly Review, for 1799; Azaela and Aimar; Ankerwick Castle; Douglas, or the Highlander; Emily of Lucerne; Feudal Events; Henry of Northumberland; Harcourt; Judith; Monkwood Priory; Mary-Jane; Mad Man of the Mountain; Romance of the Castle; Sigismar; Spirit of the Castle; The Three Spaniards; Winter's Tale, &c. &c. 20 tf.

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